

MONODY

ON THE

DEATH

OF

CAPTAIN PIERCE,

AND THOSE

Unfortunate Young Ladies

who perished with him,

IN THE

HALSEWELL EAST INDIAMAN.

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ARGUMENT.

Social Virtues more conducive to human happiness than Martial Qualities—conspicuous in the Character of Captain Pierce—Address to the Muses — Parting of the Captain and his Lady compared to that of Hector and Andromache—Story of Damon and Amanda—Storm — Loss of the Halsewell—Distraction of Commerce at the fatal Event—Allusion to the Story of Ægeus—Friends in India directed to acquire Lessons of Patience and Contempt of Riches, from the Maxims of the ancient Bramins.



M O N O D Y
ON THE
D E A T H
O F
CAPTAIN PIERCE.

WHEN fierce Bellona calls her sons from far,
And wakes the nations with the din of war,
Destruction o'er the peaceful valley reigns,
And tides of blood o'erflow embattl'd plains;
Then dealing death, and crown'd with valiant
deeds,
The warlike hero for his country bleeds;

He falls lamented by the great and brave,
And Fame, her trump, blows o'er his crimson'd
grave.

And shall she not for thee, Oh PIERCE! prepare
Her loudest clarion, lifted high in air?
For feats of war and martial arms, disgrace
The gloomy annals of the human race;
But feelings, such as once adorn'd thy mind,*
Exalt, refine, and civilize mankind!
Oh! hadst thou liv'd when noble Rome appear'd;
Or polish'd Greece her virtuous sages rear'd;
Thy name, enroll'd in the historic page,
Had shone rever'd by each succeeding age.
And will no gen'rous bard invoke the Nine
To celebrate such high rais'd worth as thine!
Or say, how shipwreck'd on her rocky coast,
Britannia mourns her fav'rite ever lost!

* *But feelings, &c.*] The late unfortunate commander of the Halsewell (too generally known and esteemed to need a panegyric here) will ever be remember'd as one of the brightest ornaments of society; who, to the bright assemblage of moral and social virtues, united elegance of manners, refinement of sentiment, and a taste for the polite arts; which he attempted to establish in our commercial settlements in India.

How

ON CAPT. PIERCE.

How long with raging winds and seas he fought,
 Suggesting all that human prudence ought!
 And when at last, of ev'ry hope bereft,
 Th'affrighted crew their sinking vessel left,
 "Can ought be done," he kindly ask'd, "to save
 "These dear Companions from the briny wave?"
 Ah hapless Parent! who can paint thy woe!
 "They're doom'd to sink, deep in the gulph
 below."

At that dread moment, to his feeling breast,
 In one paternal sad embrace, he prest
 The lovely objects of his fondest care,
 And, scorning life, resolv'd their fate to share*.

* *Resolv'd their fate to share.*] That generous turn of mind, which so amiably distinguished Capt. Pierce's character, received its fullest illustration in the last great act of his life; when, amidst a scene of fate, ever to be deplored, he seemed to have suppress'd the almost resistless impulse of nature, which so powerfully directs to self-preservation, and felt only for his friends. He appears to have known no anxiety, but for their safety! Finding there remained no possibility of saving their lives, despised every effort to preserve his own; and generously resolved to perish with them. It was then that, in circumstances too dreadful to be conceived, he gave a loose to the finest feelings of humanity, and fell—a Glorious Sacrifice to Paternal Tenderness.

M O N O D Y

Each aid refus'd which chance or fortune spread,
And in the waters found a glorious bed.
Yet if the soaring Muse can right divine,
Ere morning beams did on the ocean shine,
His gentle spirit gain'd the seats above ;
Where ev'ry bosom glows with Social Love.

Ye Aonian Maids, whose verse inspiring smile
Delights to rest on Albion's favour'd isle,
Why now are silent all the tuneful throng
Who greet their country's virtue with their song?
Tho' Gray no more his plaintive accents pours,
Nor Pope makes vocal Twit'nam's fairest bow'rs,
Yet are there those who tune th'harmonious lyre
When noble deeds applausive verse require.
Of André's fate fair Anna * yet complains,
And mourns his loss in elegiac strains :
And him who boldly plow'd the distant main
T'extend the glories of a Brunswick's reign,

* *Fair Anna.*] Miss Seward, Author of a Pathetic Monody
on the fate of Major Andre, and also an Elegy on Capt. Cook.

Whose

Whose name yet drops with pity from each
tongue,

Dies not unhonour'd when so sweetly sung.
Poetic Fair! in what sequester'd shade,
Which no tumultuous passion dares invade,
Rests now thy reed, when youth and beauty die,
And manly virtue asks thy sympathy?
Oh may these humble strains (blest Fate) excite
You, or some bard, in loftier lays to write;
Well pleas'd, the Muse wou'd to her shades retire,
Content t'have waken'd a superior lyre:
With weeping eyes read o'er the glowing page
Which records merit to a future age.

'Till then, may Fancy plume her daring wing,
And image woes she durst not rise to sing;
With brooding pinions view the pond'rous grief,
Till rising tears afford a sad relief;
Recall with heaving sighs, if yet she may
Each sad occurrence of that awful day,
When Friendship bade the social board prepare,
And each fond face an April sunshine wear;

When

When sadly smiling o'er the festive bowl,
Friend sigh'd with friend, and mingl'd soul with
soul. *

And as from spicy cates rich steams arise,
A thousand prayers ascend the pitying skies;
Each gentle maid with strange emotion warm'd,
Now thrills with terror, now with hope is charm'd;
With transient joy of promis'd bliss, she hears,
Smiles at the tale, then melts in tender tears.
But who can paint the feelings that oppress,
In that sad day, the fond maternal breast!
Thrice she essay'd t'express her mental pain,
And thrice deep sighs the pensive sounds restrain.
Within her arms her lovely babe she prest;
Adieu! she cried; and Silence spoke the rest.
Such sorrows once the Trojan matron knew,
When, arm'd for fight, her Hector stood in view:
To meet the foe she saw her Lord depart,
And felt presaging terrors round her heart;

* The amiable and unfortunate group of friends dined together at Captain Pierce's house, previous to their embarkation—What the feelings of tender and ingenuous minds must be on such an occasion, the reader of sensibility requires no hints to conceive.

Unusual fears her tender mind surpriz'd,
And pictur'd woes that soon were realiz'd :
Nor less the Hero's manly bosom strove
With equal courage, tenderness, and love,
Than did the gen'rous Briton's tortur'd mind,
When kind, intrepid, yet to Heav'n resign'd :
“ Let not,” he cry'd, “ those anxious thoughts
pervade
“ That gentle breast, for peace and friendship
made ;
“ My grateful zeal impels me to the main,
“ And Commerce calls me to the Indian plain ;
“ But shou'd the laws of Providence decree
“ My safe return from the precarious sea,
“ No more shall parting cares thy peace annoy* ;
“ But tranquil joys our eve of life employ.
“ Tir'd with the fervours of a summer day,
“ Bright Phoebus hastes to quit the azure way ;
“ He ga'ns the west, where ocean calmly flows,
“ And thus, in Thetis' arms finds soft repose.”

* Capt. Pierce design'd to have retir'd from the service, had it pleas'd Providence to permit his return from this voyage.

Vain mortals oft, by puerile schemes elate,
Prescribe the bounds of their impending fate ;
But Heav'n, whose dictates prove supremely wise,
To the warm heart its fondest wish denies :
And if, perchance, the fav'rite boon's obtain'd,
Nor yet content, nor happiness is gain'd.
From calm possession pleasure ever flies ;
And untry'd joys in long succession rise :
Thus eager trav'lers gain the rising hill,
And groves and lawns allure their footsteps still.

And now the Halsewell cuts the foaming tide ;
Kind breezes blow, and gentle waves divide.
The smiling pilot plows th'untroubl'd deep ;
And shouting sailors short-liv'd vigils keep.
High on the stern young Hope is seen to smile ;
And youthful joys the fleeting hours beguile ;
Already to Imagination's eyes
The glowing scenes of India's coast arise :
Bright gems that grow beneath a warmer sun ;
And duteous slaves in countless numbers run ;
Rich palanquins, adorn'd with fragrant flow'rs ;
And charms of wealth, and gay luxurious bow'rs.

But

But ah, ye fair! beware the glitt'ring bait;
In fairest meads oft dang'rous adders wait;
Delusive pleasures fatal arts employ,
And, Siren-like, sing sweetest to destroy.
Let those in whom creative Heav'n combin'd
Superior strength, with constancy of mind,
In search of wealth, far distant climes explore,
And seek for treasures on a foreign shore;
'Tis yours to bid domestic duties smile,
And spread each virtue o'er your native isle.

Scarce had the new-born year his chilly head
Emerg'd from cold December's frozen bed;
And scarce the sun his languid beams cou'd rear
Thro' the dense atmosphere and turbid air;
Concern'd, he saw his rival Æolus reign
In gloomy state o'er all the azure plain.
This son of Jove, so ancient poets feign'd,
Within his pow'rs the raging wind retain'd;
And now he bids destructive whirlwinds rise,
And calls his tempest from the northern skies;
Fierce vivid lightnings gleam from pole to pole,
And thunders deep in solemn terrors roll;

The

The troubled sea unfolds its secret bed,
And angry waves surpass the mountains head.
Now o'er th'ethereal vault Night's shadow creep,
And gloomy Darkness veils the hoary deep;
Such as once fill'd th'immensity of space
Ere Chaos, black, to new-made light gave place,
No radiant star emits a lambent ray,
No lucid gleams in the vast concave play;
Tumultuous billows rise in dreadful roar,
And horror deep broods on the troubled shore.

Oh thou Supreme! whose penetrating light
Pervades the thickest glooms of ancient night;
Whose look benign, harmonious order spread,
When wild confusion heard thy voice, and fled;
Whose fiat bade primeval day arise,
And fix'd the bounds of ocean, earth, and skies,
Survey the storm which shakes our sea-girt isle,
And midst the tempest dart thy saving smile;
Nor to the sinking wretch thy aid deny,
Tho' drown'd in noise, regard the sailors cry!
Upborne on winds, with tend'rest pity hear
The wife's, friend's, sister's, or the mother's pray'r!
When

When o'er the shatter'd bark destruction fits,
And the sad mariner his vessel quits,
Midst raging seas sustain him with thy hand,
And safely bear him to some friendly land !
But if, for reasons which we cannot know,
Thy pow'r awards not the vast scene of woe,
May each kind friend, to whom belongs to weep
Some dear relation, swallow'd in the deep,
To thy decrees, in meek submission, bend,
And learn t'adore what none can comprehend !

Not far remote from the resounding shore
A cottage stands, by ivy half grown o'er ;
An hawthorn hedge the humble walls furrounds,
And wicker gate describes the narrow bounds.
There, many a year, unknown to fame or praise,
An aged pair had pass'd their lengthen'd days ;
Oft seen the azure deep reflect with pride
The fleets of commerce on his swelling tide ;
And oft beheld, with honest joy, again
Their painted prows plow back the waving main.
Full fifty suns they'd seen the harvest swell ;
And tales prolix of ancient swains cou'd tell.

As

As now they sat around their frugal fire,
Kind gen'rous cares their feeling breasts inspire;
Cold terror chills them at each howling blast,
And pity wakes, and thoughts of sorrow past.
The latch uplifts, the humble door expands,
And Strephon (virtuous swain) before them stands.
"Of social intercourse, how great the charm!"
Philemon cry'd, "our sorrows to disarm,
"For this by Nature's pow'rful dictates led,
"The savage wild his lonely forest fled,
"Close by some well-known roof, his own he
 rear'd,
"And Friendship's pow'r his untaught bosom
 cheer'd.
"Let deep philosophers, of souls refin'd,
"Look with disdain on all of mortal kind;
"Or the lone hermit chuse his dreary cell;
"Be it mine midst the social line to dwell;
"To hear the sighing heart reveal its grief,
"And anxious seek to give the wish'd relief;
"With tender sympathy its sorrows cheer,
"And where I can't give comfort, yield a tear.

And

- “ And as the terms of human life decree,
“ That none from sorrow shall be wholly free,
“ May I still find some feeling breast to bear
“ The destin’d burden of my secret care.
“ And ev’ry suff’ring find its ease or end
“ In that true balm of life, a Faithful Friend.
“ Come enter thou, and from our humble board
“ Partake whate’er our frugal stores afford.
“ To share thy converse,” said the gentle swain,
“ I bore the drifted snows on yonder plain ;
“ Loud roars the surge, the howling whirlwinds
“ sweep
“ The troubled bosom of the foaming deep;
“ As on I penfive walk’d, I seem’d to hear
“ The voice of Woe, and cries of black despair.
“ What wrecks will soon the fatal shore bestrew ;
“ What dismal sights appear to our sad view !
“ Ah me, my friends, whilst here secure we rest,
“ What horrors big lost numbers now invest.
“ You weep—kind pity fills each glist’ning eye,
“ And gen’rous feelings these soft drops supply;
“ But yet, if right I ween, your melting heart
“ Bears in this woe a more than gen’ral part.

“ Too true your guests !” the hoary swain
reply’d ;

Then paus’d a moment, and profoundly sigh’d.

“ Ten years have now their constant circuit run,

“ And ten times have I mark’d December’s fun

“ Since Thyrsis left this tranquil roof, to gain

“ Precarious fortune on the wat’ry plain ;

“ Seduc’d by specious promises, he left

“ His weeping mother and myself bereft

“ Of ev’ry bliss propitious Heav’n e’er gave,

“ And in the ocean found an early grave ;

“ Ah, gentle swain ! had you my Thyrsis known,

“ These sighs, these tears, not ill bestow’d you’d
own.

“ So good he was, so amiable, and kind,

“ So fair his person, so complete his mind,

“ I vainly thought, as life’s decline drew near,

“ To smile with transport in my Thyrsis’ care.

“ But now no more these pleasing prospects
charm ;

“ No hopes delight me, and no pleasures warm,

“ Who now shall soothe my age, or who beguile

“ The pains of sickness, by a filial smile ?

“ And

“ And when no more this grief-worn heart shall
beat,

“ Who o’er my grave shall place the turf so neat ?

“ With flexile osiers mark my peaceful bed,

“ Or clear the noxious nettle from my head ?

Philemon paus’d ; for grief his voice suppress’d,
And Strephon thus the weeping swain address’d :

“ Your grief is just, I own, nor wou’d restrain ;

“ To bid you mourn not, were to speak in vain ;

“ For I abhorrent hold those doctrines all

“ Which learned sages Stoicism call ;

“ Nor with false pride wou’d I affect to be

“ Above the feelings of humanity.

“ But hear ; perchance, my plain unvarnish’d
tale

“ To check this tide of sorrow may prevail ;

“ For well I judge, when thou hast fully known

“ The woes of others, thou’lt forget thy own.

“ Where yon white steeple overlooks the dale,

“ And peaceful hamlets crown the smiling vale,

- “ Young Damon liv’d, of ev’ry swain the pride ;
“ And fair Amanda bloom’d his promis’d bride ;
“ As in the wild the tow’ring lily springs,
“ And lends its fragrance to gay zephyr’s wings ;
“ Or as the rose that scents the balmy air,
“ So bloom’d the maid, the fairest of the fair.
“ Consenting parents saw their kindling love,
“ And smiling fate and fairest hopes approve.
“ When youthful spring gave sweetest flowers
 “ birth,
“ And genial suns illum’d the verdant earth,
“ The faithful youth wou’d cull, with anxious
 “ care,
“ The freshest buds to deck Amanda’s hair ;
“ From him improv’d each od’rous scent she
 “ deem’d,
“ And glowing pinks of brighter tinctures seem’d ;
“ Gay summer’s fruits, and autumn’s plenteous
 “ store,
“ With eager haste, to her fair hand he bore.
“ Yon hanging wood, that crowns the distant hill,
“ And poplars tall, that edge the gurgling rill,
 “ In

" In flexile bark Amanda's name retain ;
" For Damon carv'd it—Ever constant swain !
" At length the lover hail'd his blooming spouse,
" And yon white church records their mutual
" vows.

" The golden days in long succession flew,
" And love, with friendship, form'd an union true;
" But Fortune now, who glories to destroy
" Vain mortal's bliss, and dash their cup of joy,
" In ambush deep, prepar'd the fatal blow ;
" The evil plann'd, and rous'd the dreadful foe .

" Where fair Italia's fertile plains extend,
" And holy priests the triple crown defend,
" A friend of Damon, to his soul most dear,
" By death was ravish'd from his infant care.
" The weeping orphans, in a foreign land,
" With artless grief their lifeless fire demand ;
" No kindred breast receives their pious tears,
" No friendly hand conducts their tender years ;
" That task young Damon claims, with eager
" haste—

" (His heart was kindness ; virtue form'd his taste)

" He

- “ He soon resolv’d th’Italian clime to gain,
“ Where classic streams yet lave the flow’ry plain;
“ The kind design charm’d fair Amanda’s ear,
“ Who quick propos’d the friendly toil to share.
- “ And now they leave Britannia’s verdant isle,
“ Fresh zephyrs waft, and prosp’rous breezes
“ smile ;
“ They gain the freight where, high above the
“ the flood,
“ Of old, Alcides’ tow’ring pillars stood.
“ Ah hapless spot ! ah destiny severe !
“ Sure Moors may weep, and pirates drop a tear !
“ Ah no ! their hearts no kind emotion know,
“ Else had they melted at this pond’rous woe.
“ The vessel captur’d after long defence ;
“ The tender pair behold their ills commence ;
“ High on the deck the barb’rous victor stands,
“ Whilst crimson gore bedyes his murd’rous
“ hands.
- “ Amanda’s beauty charms his savage heart,
“ And from her Damon she’s compell’d to part.
“ Now, if thou canst, Philemon, here suppose
“ Some faint resemblance of their mutual woes ;
“ Ah

“ Ah no—imagination yields no pow’r

“ To paint the mis’ries of that dreadful hour.

“ The port attain’d, the wretched pris’ners land

“ To irksome slav’ry on Morocco’s strand.

“ All pale, and trembling, lost Amanda’s led

“ Where the rude haram’s high-rais’d turrets

“ spread,

“ Whilst her lov’d Damon, doom’d to lasting pains,

“ On his soft limbs, supports ignoble chains.

“ Two tedious years pass on, nor e’er display

“ One gleam of hope, one sweet enliv’ning ray.

“ The barb’rous Moor had long essay’d, in vain,

“ To thaw with love Amanda’s cold disdain.

“ Nor constant vows, nor force, cou’d e’er remove

“ Her Damon’s image from her warmest love,

“ At length he cry’d, No more, relentless Fair!

“ Shall my fond suit disturb so true a pair:

“ Mark where yon springs their marble basons

“ lave,

“ And the clear fount distils its murm’ring wave;

“ Beneath the palm which veils the sunny glade,

“ Your faithful lover waits you in the shade.

“ Th’impatient

“ Th’impatient Fair springs eager to the place,

“ And joys once more to see her Damon’s face !

“ Him there indeed she found—Oh sight of death!

“ The murd’rous cord had stopp’d his balmy

“ breath.

“ Frantic she grew — then kiss’d with gestures

“ wild,

“ His lifeless corse, then gaz’d, and madly smil’d.

“ Straight to the rock, with glowing cheek she

“ flies :

“ *He’s there—he calls—my Damon calls*, she cries :

“ Then leaps at once to the abyfs below,

“ And, with her life, expires her long-liv’d woe.

“ Now say, Philemon, if thou canst regret

“ The milder fate thy much-lov’d Thyrsis met ?

“ If fullen sorrow yet pervades thy mind ;

“ For since to die belongs to all mankind,

“ How happy they, who gently sink to rest

“ Safe from those cankers of the human breast !

“ Diseases dire, which sap life’s latest springs ;

“ Corroding care, which all enjoyment stings !

“ And

“ And pallid Fear, by whose oppressive pow’r
“ We die so oft before the mortal hour ;
“ Better at once to sink within the deep,
“ And, warm in hope, resign to peaceful sleep.”

As thus they talk’d, the hours unminded past,
The wasted taper dimly gleam’d its last ;
The village clock, heard by the pensive ear,
Twelve solemn sounds beat on the troubled air.
With kind adieus up rose the social swain,
And bent his way across the lonely plain.
No more is seen to blaze the hamlet fire ;
And trembling beams from distant cots expire.
Th’approach of sleep each weary peasant finds,
And sinks to rest, lull’d by the rocking winds.

Now howl the waves with aggravated roar,
And lash with deeper rage th’ resounding shore.
Earth reels aghast—the frightened mountains groan,
And Nature trembles on her secret throne.
Of masts bereft, with sails and rigging lost,
On angry seas the hapless Halsewell’s tost.

Before

Before the storm, on pointed rocks she drives,
 Till fix'd as fate, each gleam of hope survives
 Above the furge, high pointing to the skies,
 Th'aspiring cliffs of Purbeck's Isle arise ;
 Tremendous steep ! on whose destructive brow
 No flocks e'er browse, or vagrant brambles grow :
 At its dread base wide spreads a dreadful cave,
 The gradual work of many a foaming wave.
 Ulysses such the horrid cavern found,
 Where Polyphemus spread his terrors round ;
 Tho' here no Cyclops rolls his ghastly eye,
 Yet monsters fell in fatal ambush lie ;
 Here Famine lurks, its victim to destroy,
 And various Deaths each cruel art employ.

Now thro' the gloom, with darkness veil'd
 around,
 Descends the angel of the vast profound ;
 On rolling waves secure his footsteps stand,
 Resplendent squadrons wait his dread command ;
 ' Prepare,' he said, ' ethereal bands, prepare
 ' Your shining vehicles of purest air ;
' And

‘ And each sweet scent that at calm midnight hours
‘ From balmy herbs exhale, and od’rous flow’rs,
‘ Meet to receive those sparks of heav’nly flame,
‘ That soon must quit their fair terrestrial frame ;
‘ Then guide their flight thro’ yonder starry way,
‘ And speed their entrance to the realms of day.
Th’Immortal spake, and lo ! around him wait,
In dread array, the ministers of fate.

Still beats on pointed rocks the fated wreck,
And whit’ning billows wash the lonely deck ;
Yet still faint hopes remain, that morning’s ray,
To gain the shore, will point some blissful way.
Fallacious trust ! for louder raves the surge,
And wat’ry mountains from the deep emerge ;
Seas, winds, and thunders, form one dread uproar ;
The Halfewell sinks—to rise again no more !
Here draw the veil, Oh Fancy, nor disclose
Thy poignant feelings at this scene of woes.
Ah would’st thou pierce where awfully sedate
The best of fathers met his dreadful fate !
Reflection stops amidst the sad career,
And fills the chasm with a falling tear.

Haste,

Haste, haste, ye virgins, choicest garlands bring,
And each fair product of the genial spring,
Forth from the gelid earth, bid snow-drops creep;
And early roses tears of fragrance weep;
Go cull the vi'let, where, in secret shade,
The modest flow'r perfumes the vacant glade;
And primrose faint, in lighter yellow drest;
And scented cowslip, in a gaudier vest;
Bid the tall cliff that overlooks the deep
Where beauty, youth, and manly virtue sleep,
Its brightest robe of verdant herbage wear,
T'adorn with decent pride their coral bier;
From shelly grottos pensive Naiads rise,
While pearly caves resound their fun'ral cries;
In plaintive notes the youthful dead they mourn,
And crown with sedgy wreathes their virgin urn.

But who is that on yondér strand reclin'd,
With tresses floating loosely in the wind;
With garments torn, and bleeding bosom bare,
And all the gestures of a wild despair?
'Tis Commerce, come to chide the cruel wave,
And pour her sorrows o'er her PIERCE'S grave.

High

High o'er her head vast nodding rocks impend,
And on her robe the dews of night descend;
The swelling tide surrounds her craggy seat,
And at her feet the foaming billows beat;
O'er the dread flood her frantic voice expires,
And of the deep her faithful Pierce requires;
In howling winds she hears his fun'ral dirge,
And madly listens to the roaring surge;
The dank sea-weed she takes, and wildly cries,
' These Indian plumes my much-lov'd PIERCE
 'supplies!'

That dusky pebble in her hand retain'd,
She thinks a pearl from Persia's gulph obtain'd;
His honour'd name she calls, and all around
That honour'd name the dreary rocks resound:
And when no more her frantic accents find
Sufficient strength to her distracted mind,
Stretch'd on the sand, she makes her plaintive moan,
And vents her sorrows in a hollow groan!

Ye who with anxious hearts on India's plain,
Expectant wait the British fair in vain,

Who

Who to your ears shall the sad tale unfold;
Or in what words the dreadful news be told?
In vain each eve some tow'ring cliff you gain,
And view, with longing eyes, the waving main!
See! round the Cape gay whit'ning sails appear,
And British streamers float in ambient air;
But that brave man, whom oft your eager sight
Approaching hail'd, with ever new delight,
Appears no more; his virtuous charge he lands
Not on Indostan, but celestial sands.
Th'Athenian Sire of old, with restless eye,
Long fought his Theseus' vessel to descry;
And when no lucid flag he saw appear,
Obey'd the impulse of a wild despair:
Sprung from the cliff to where the torrent flow'd,
And on the waves a father's name bestow'd.

Go, wiser ye, in meek submission bend,
And own all good which Heav'n's decrees intend;
Yet if this pow'r your rising griefs deny,
Nor faith, nor reason, argument supply,
Go search if yet in depth of Indian groves,
The virtuous Bramin, child of nature, roves;

And,

And, from his maxims, calmly learn to bear
The just effects of Providence's care :
T'adore in silence the all perfect plan;
And rev'rence what thy reason cannot scan.
Know farther yet (for sure you'll there be told)
That all of human bliss lies not in gold;
Nor yet in diamonds from Golconda's mine,
By polish'd artists taught more bright to shine :
That Nature's wants in a small compass lie ;
But still insatiate those of luxury ;
That to no spot of the wide earth confin'd,
Is found the real good of mortal kind ;
Albion, or India, both alike possess
The solid means of human happiness.
That useful science these plain rules has giv'n,
To follow Virtue, and submit to Heav'n.

THE END.

